





By KEITH GORDON.

rades, Max Anderson, also noticed a subtle change. Theirs had been a sort of brother and sister friendship of long standing. For years he had scolded and criticised and bullied her. T

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tion. Moses forbade corn mills to be  
taken in pawn, for that, he thought  
was something like taking a man's life  
in pledge.

9 "Worsen't that. We've got a fire  
beater."—Cleveland Leader.

She's robbed up her brain  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The best of them, alas, are not!  
—Washington Star.





# HELD BY THE GOVERNMENT

An Agreeable Surprise When the Release Came.

By OTHO B. BENG.

John Pearson was distinctly annoyed. He would not have believed Eugene could be so unreasonable. It was bad enough to lose Haven, who was the best stenographer he ever had. But when he finally secured another, who could do satisfactory work, to have Eugene object because the girl was young and pretty was enough to make a man lose all patience.

He strove to appease his fanciful wrath by pointing out the difference in beauty and grace the new stenographer appeared in him in comparison with himself. He tried to appeal to her reason, her pride, for faith in him, but to little purpose.

"You need not trouble to call again or to communicate with me until you have discharged that girl," was the ultimatum, and Pearson went away, angry and indignant, notwithstanding all women and their silly, unreasonable jealousy.

Mrs. Anthony was not often unreasonable and had had little occasion for jealousy. She hardly knew what was explained it herself, but her annoyance about the girl and her resentment toward her lover had been so great that she had asked the name of the new employee and John had replied, "Ann Darling."

The tiny hands had been fanned and decreased by every word of praise for Miss Darling, that the stenographer, Pearson had stupidly uttered until she could bear it no longer, and she had taken satisfaction with the girl's work into love for the girl herself, and she set for the moment, just as in denouncing her discharge.

But with the next day's sight Miss Anthony's good sense and fair play reassured itself. "How silly I was!"

She resolved to send him a little note or telephone message, but decided to wait until evening, and to write rather to the opera and on the way she would confound her unreasonable notions.

The evening passed pleasantly, and no message to explain his absence—10 o'clock, 10:30, "I won't be foolish," she thought firmly. "I'll call him up by phone and tell him I want to say good night."

She had often done this when it had not been possible for John to come to her. She smiled and picked up the telephone bell and called for the Pearson residence. John lived with his brother, and she knew the family had just gone away. She recognized the housekeeper's voice in reply to her call, and she had felt at the message, "John is not here," but she had not been home, and Mrs. Harcus could get no reply, and she went back over the phone to the office.

The next morning Miss Anthony called Mrs. Harcus and got the same results. Mr. John did not come home, and evidently there was no one at his office.

Miss Anthony was essentially a woman of action. She dressed herself in a most becoming and attractive and a half-hour later was entering the great office building of the firm, and she found Pearson's office was closed, the door locked.

"He wasn't there all day yesterday," she reiterated the elevator boy. "But surely some one was," insisted Miss Anthony. "The young man who said, 'She came in the morning, but went away again immediately,' he answered."

Miss Anthony was quick to restore and equally quick to execute. She consulted the directory at once and took a car for Arlington. At the door of a neat little cottage she paused. Yes, there was the cottage, Darling, on the doorstep. What could she say to the girl even if she had never? Did she really expect to believe that she and John—Then she lifted her hand proudly. Was she going to be silly again? Something had happened to John, and Miss Darling might be able to aid her in learning what it was.

When Miss Darling entered the room Miss Anthony could hardly restrain the impulse to take her by the arm, such a pretty, timid looking little thing—hardly more than a child, and her eyes were really red with weeping, and when Miss Anthony asked her if she had been at the office the day before her face colored faintly.

Miss Anthony explained enough of the situation for Miss Darling to understand the reason of her visit, and then Miss Darling told her own story hurriedly.

"I have been with Mr. Pearson nearly a month and supposed my work was entirely satisfactory. I went to work yesterday morning as usual, but I had hardly started when I heard the telephone bell ring. On answering it I found it was Mr. Pearson speaking. He said that he had no more use for my services no longer and would mail me a check for two months' salary."

She paused, choked back a sob. Miss Anthony blushed with shame and regret.

"I left the office immediately, of course. I cannot understand it, for I was at work on papers until five. Mr. Pearson was very anxious to have discharged this week's work that another stenographer could be secured."

Miss Anthony spoke rapidly and with decision. "Miss Darling, I am con-

vinced that there is some mistake. I know Mr. Pearson was satisfied with your work."

"Do you think?" asked Miss Darling eagerly. "That it was not Mr. Pearson?"

"I hardly know what to think," returned Miss Anthony earnestly. "But I am so sure that Mr. Pearson is pleased with your work and wishes to continue you in his employ that I am going to say to you to return to the office now with me. Perhaps in some way you may learn something of his plan."

The two girls were standing before Pearson's door, and Miss Darling was searching in her hand bag for her duplicate key, when a young man approached, saying courteously, "Were you looking for Mr. Pearson?"

"Yes," answered Miss Anthony quietly. "Can you tell me it will be in today?"

"I think not. There are several important cases before the grand jury this term, and his sitting may last three or four days more."

Miss Anthony recognized her informant as a young architect who had an office in the same building.

"I do not understand," she said. "Why has Mr. Pearson got to be in the grand jury?"

"Mr. Pearson was asked yesterday by United States Marshal Brown to serve." As Miss Anthony's face brightened so enthusiastically he went on: "When the grand jury meets tomorrow there were three absences, and it was necessary to fill those vacancies. The absent men are sick, and it would greatly retard the work of the grand jury if the jury had to be adjourned until they recovered."

Miss Anthony thanked her politely. "Would Mr. Pearson have to go if he did not wish?" in a stately surprise.

"Yes, any citizen is called into such draft."

"But not his own business," interposed Miss Darling.

"Quite a secondary matter in the eyes of the law," replied the young man.

"And in such a case is no message sent to the grand jury?" questioned Miss Anthony.

"Certainly!" Mr. Pearson had any clerk or secretary in his office notify that person, and I understand that he has done so to his family if he has one."

Miss Anthony and Miss Darling exchanged glances, and then Miss Darling said: "Mr. Pearson has no family and at the time of his unexpected seizure he had no one to tell him of his duty."

"And Mr. Pearson cannot come here. He is in the hospital," she said.

"Tried by the government," he replied.

Miss Anthony thanked him courteously, and he passed on.

He turned to the door, and the two girls entered the office.

"In the work Mr. Pearson wanted done at Arlington, and Miss Anthony asked."

"There are some abstracts to be copied and—"

"I shall help you," with gentle decision.

When the grand jury adjourned United States Marshal Brown handed a note to Miss Anthony.

"Miss Darling and I have your work nearly done," read the astonished note. "Please come to the office as you are released. I think we had better return to the office as you are held by the government again you will have some one to whom a message may be sent."

The cat in Japan.

According to a Japanese writer, the domestic cat is native to his country at a relatively recent epoch, having been introduced by Buddhist missionaries of Buddhism. In the middle of the sixth century of the Christian era the monks of the guard of the emperor were offered the cat as a gift by the government and the cat was kept by him as "the guardian of the manuscripts."

The cat in the manuscript kept away the mice that otherwise would have eaten the precious papers. In some instances placed in conspicuous places among manuscripts as a warning to the scribe: "Beware! The cat is here. She drives the mice!"

Portraits of cats were also placed in places frequented by mice.

The cats were revered. For a long time they were kept in the temples. But their beauty, their general destructibility and the charm of their grace, affection for man and adaptability to human conditions so appealed to the human that one by one they were gradually their kindred were driven from the temples and to become the pets of the nobility. After entering the families of the big officials of the empire they were their way into humbler households.—Harper's Weekly.

New Process of Staining Glass.

The art of coloring glass has been long and refined, and it was not until the last few years that it was so much improved as to give it the appearance of a gem. It is now possible to stain glass in such a way that it will be as durable as the finest of the old work.

The glass first receives its design in mineral colors, and it is then stained in a hot solution of the coloring matter and the glass is in a state of fusion. The new process of staining glass is a great improvement on the old one. It is a great improvement on the old one. It is a great improvement on the old one.

## THERE BE OTHERS.

Second Cousin Raymond Happy as Long as Gramps is Easy.

"Acting as a reception committee of one," grins said the old coddler in reply to the inquiry of a neighbor who had accompanied the young man to his room and was standing in the lighted waiting room of the railway station at 6:10 p. m. "I'm here to meet my second cousin Raymond and his retinue and not expecting them to arrive this time."

"The here to meet my second cousin Raymond and his retinue and not expecting them to arrive this time?"

"On this train, as Cousin Raymond wrote that he would positively be on this train, my long acquaintance with Raymond and his peculiarities leads me to believe that he will not come until later."

"Second Cousin Raymond is one of those good souls who submit on borrowed money and shed smiles at the other side of the river. He always brings all his folks, including his wife, who came of a fine old southern family, and never in her life did anything else, and their children, all of whom, even the huddled one, are as many and hearty as their parents, and generally another relative or two whom Cousin Raymond has here today."

"Invited to come along. This time Raymond writes that, though he has had a few things to do, he will be here late, and his (he, he!) Mexican rubber plantation stock didn't turn out quite as well as he hoped."

"A few other things, about his plantation, a few other things, about his plantation, a few other things, about his plantation."

"But, be that as it may, I've come down here to meet Raymond whenever he can get here. I'll be here at 11 o'clock and a hint and slide him and his gang back on to the train before it starts and shove them along to the station on Third County Street, who has but lately been visiting on. That's one nice thing about his position, his disposition is so sunny that he doesn't get angry with his people."

"He's a good fellow, but I don't know who he's bringing along upon this occasion."

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## TO THE MODERN QUACK.

After reading the early history of mad science.

To make of fortune glorious. Quick vendors of poisons and pills. Who save us in outline none. Except your advertisement list. By doctors' atrocious mad, wanting no more time. Just call up your socks.

"Digestion," they say, "misleading!" Or "blitters on both of your noses!" Or "Take an early shower!" Three days an hour before meals! Much more of medicine dainties. Backed up by a ponderous mind. And first upon fully as certain of folly. Wait around the apices.

They'd almost put up in a bag. And afterward offer for sale. To come from the hand of a druggist. Five times from a university's tail. They could have said at that time. No doubt they'd have mixed with their drugs.

For truthfulness tumbles the wrappings of mummies. Or chips off the sphinx.

But you, did we ask that a simple word would call knowledge simple? Or would you, "Bates?"

Come, give up your commonplace notion. Present something quaint to our view. These nostrums and pills could not be better. So why shouldn't you? —Punch.

This Is What the Mention of Pis Did to Willie Brown.

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## HORRORS OF SIBERIA.

Sufferings of Russian Revolutionaries Exiled of Russia.

One of the most picturesque figures among young revolutionaries of Russia is Vera Figner, whose father was one of the distinguished generals of the Napoleonic wars. Betrayed by a traitor, she was condemned to twenty years in the Sibirskaya fortress for alleged participation in every one of the attempts on the life of the late czar. Those incarcerated in this fortress are considered as buried alive, no intercourse or communication with the outer world being allowed, not even with their own nearest relatives. But Vera Figner survived the horrors of twenty years' solitary confinement and exile in Siberia and is still working for the enlightenment of ignorant Russian.

She came over by all Russian revolutionaries is that of Mrs. Sigida, who, around to a frenzy of indignation through seeing an invalid female prisoner in the Siberian colony of Kara, to which they had both been exiled. Suggested by a warder, was herself forced to death because she struck him.

In the same colony, it is written, "Mrs. Sigida committed suicide by poisoning herself," but truth, like murder, is a thing that cannot be killed.

Warders of Kara have been fully provoked. Terrible indeed were the tortures and sufferings of Mrs. Sigida, who, three years ago shot at the gallows, was hanged by the neck when they were unable to pay the ransom or ordered the Cossacks to shoot her.

Wives and children. She was condemned to death, but the humanitary tendency she had before her had induced the authorities to commute the death sentence, although it would have been more merciful to have carried out the extreme penalty of the gallows.

At the same time she was working out a miserable existence in a Siberian mine and is said to be the only chained convict in Siberia—London Tit-Bits.

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